

THE LILY.

A LADIES' JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE AND LITERATURE.

Published Monthly.—TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year, in Advance.

VOL. 2.

SENECA FALLS, APRIL, 1850.

NO. 4.

THE WATER SPIRIT.

BY MISS ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

Spirit, sweet Spirit of mountain and meadow,
Blessing of Summer, and joy of the May;
Singing in sunlight and singing in shadow,
Soft is thy lay,
Floating with zephyr and sunshine away.

Water, bright water, I joyously greet thee;
Thou in the gladness of earth hast a part,
Whether in sunlight or shadow I meet thee.
Welcome thou art,
Bringing a blessing and joy to my heart.

In the dark city, methinks thou dost borrow
Beauty like stars that are clearest by night,
Bringing to children of woe and of sorrow
Dreams of delight,
Hours when the fountains of childhood were bright.

Whether thou flowest by cottage or palace,
Welcome alike to the peasant and king,
Quaffed from the old oaken bucket or chalice,
Or from the spring,
Still thine own boon of delight dost thou bring.

Water, bright water, with beauty and gladness,
Smile in the sunshine, and bid us be gay,
Not like the cicerean cup, with its madness,
Stealing away,
Binding the soul, with its tyrannous sway,—

No! thou art holy, the type of that river—
River of life in our Father's own land—
Where we shall quaff its bright water forever,
Led by his hand,
When in his holiest presence we stand.
[Offering of Sons of Temperance.]

THE SILVER BELL.

An excellent lady lay on her death-bed. Her limbs were benumbed, her voice feeble, and her head heavy, but her warm heart still throbbed with a tender concern for the good of others.—There was a young person in whom she was especially interested, because she had been the intimate friend of her own departed daughter; and a parent never forgets to love those whom a dead child has loved. Besides this, the youthful Emily was beloved for her own sake. She was artless and gentle; the lady looked upon her fair face, remembered that it would be difficult for one so young, rich and beautiful, to escape the power of worldliness in some of its many forms, and prayed for her, as none but the dying perhaps can pray.

When she felt that her separation from the body was really approaching, this Christian friend sent for Emily, and said a few kind words of farewell, which melted her into tears. And then she bestowed upon her a parting gift. It was a Morocco case, containing not jewels for the neck

and arms, but a little silver bell of the sweetest tone. There was a spring to be touched and then it sent forth a low but exquisite sound, dying away in melodious vibrations, seemed to ask an echo from the heart strings. At the same time, a silver hand, upon a sort of watch face beneath the bell, moved forward one division. There were three hundred and sixty-five divisions.

"Emily," said the departing friend, "I give you no farewell advice, and make but one dying request. Each night before you sleep, give at least five minutes to quiet reflections; then touch this spring, and then, when all is again still, pray as your heart may move you. Touch the bell at no other time save in this interval between your evening meditation and your evening prayer. One year from to-night, observe if the hand has traversed the whole circle."

"Dear friend," exclaimed Emily, I have never since my childhood omitted nightly prayer, and do you think I am in danger of it!"

"God knows your dangers better than I; but I perceive that your interest will soon be drawn powerfully towards the outward, and I would have a link between it and the inward. For one of your temperaments, it may be good to have visible token of spiritual progress; and I know that if you are true to the meaning of my request, and comply with it faithfully, your soul must make some advance in one year."

The friends parted. The faded face of the one was covered from the sight of man: the blooming countenance of the other soon went smiling again along life's daily path. But she forgot not the silver bell, and each night, in the stillness of her chamber, her face covered with her hands, she sat a short season in deep thought, questioning herself of the day that had just passed to return no more, of her own character, her hopes, her dependence on God and her Saviour. Then, with a deep feeling of solemnity, she opened the Morocco case, touched the spring, and listened to the sudden voice which sprang forth in response, so sweet that it hardly disturbed the tranquility of night, into which it soon died away. Then was her soul attuned for prayer, and she felt as if that melodious call had brought a sainted spirit to join in her act of devotion.

Night after night, week after week passed on. Winter came. Emily went to her first ball. It was very late when she returned, for the moments had flown she knew not how. She was excited, and yet tired. She took off her sparkling jewels dreamily, for her thoughts were where she had been for hours, and they would not come with her to the dull, lonely chamber.—She threw her delicate, snow-white dress upon a chair, slowly inhaled the expiring perfume of her bouquet, wrapped a shawl about her, and yet lingered before she sat down to meditate. It was very, very hard to call back her soul from the splendidly lighted ball room. In vain she covered her eyes with her hands. The absent faces and forms of the human creatures, who had been

flitting before her eyes, were more real to her than those pure existences whose presence she was wont to feel beside her at this solemn season.

But the girl's conscience was yet pure and strong, and she persevered in the mental struggle till she conquered, till she felt that she could pray with a heart wholly given to the desire of holiness. Then she touched the silver bell, and the strains of a lighter character still rung gaily on her ear, they were hushed instantly, they were overpowered, when that voice of liquid melody came forth. Emily thought it had a cadence of sadness she had never before observed. Was it only contrast with the exhilarating music of the ball-room band?

And now Emily had entered on a new life, the brilliant *debutante* of the season. Her friends congratulated her because it was the gayest winter, so called, which had been known for some years. The fashionable world seemed wild with the love of pleasure, and excitement in some form was sought and found night after night. And Emily, too, pursued it, and often-times thought herself very happy. She loved music, dancing, the theatre, witty conversation, the graceful personations of *tableaux vivans*, with all their charming, planning and bustle of preparation; and on she went, admiring and admired, through a succession of gay visions and triumphs.

And each night found her enduring a severe struggle in the solitude of her own apartment, when she came in with her weary step, and strove to shut the door upon the world.

For a time conscience held her back with a strong hand from the Morocco case, still she was sure that she could in solemn sincerity call upon her Father in Heaven, and offer him an undivided mind. But, O, it grew so much more difficult! At last, despairingly, she would awaken the silver voice, trusting that the thoughts she could not control would obey that blessed summons. Then the words of prayer would pass through her mind—not rise up from her heart,—and with a vague, comfortless dissatisfaction she would lay her head upon her pillow, with no consciousness that the blessing of holy ones unseen was falling upon her. And then the enemy would return, as if triumphant over her feeble attempt to baffle his wiles, and lost in idle reveries of vanity and folly, she would sink to sleep.

So it was with her, till even this battle with temptation was more than her failing resolution and enfeebled virtue could sustain. She might not always wear a chaplet without thorns. The gay life has its vexations as well as the busy one. Sometimes she stood before her mirror with dimmed eyes, and a brow of perplexity; but whether dejected or exulting, she felt that the sources of her emotion were not such as she could call upon her Maker to behold with his holy eyes, or visit with his tender sympathy. At moments, the utter frivolity of her life presented itself to her with such fearfulness, that she al-

most hoped she was overlooked in God's creation. But this was usually on Sabbath nights, and fewer became such awakenings as the year rolled on.

When nine months had elapsed, she had several times omitted to touch the silver bell. Each time she had pleaded to herself that she was too much exhausted—with what? Too much exhausted with dissipation to think of God, to remember her Saviour?

At last, she even forgot it.

The year had almost expired, when God in his mercy sent upon Emily a sudden and dreadful illness. The cholera messenger came to her. He did not take her out of the world, but came to keep her from the evil that was in it.

She recovered. And the first night in which she again found herself in her sleeping room alone was the anniversary of that upon which she had received from a dying Christian friend the long-neglected silver bell.

Again she sat down, with her hands clasped over her face, to meditate, and prepare her mind for solemn communion with God. She felt as if she had almost seen him!

There was no struggle with gay images and worldly thoughts now. She looked upon the circle around which the silver hand should have traveled, and felt the lesson and the reproach with the deepest compunction. It declared that she had been estranged from her Father in Heaven, that the love of Christ had not been in her, that she had forgotten the pious dead, and had given her strength and her affections to the world.

Tears of penitence gushed over her cheeks as the unwonted music again broke upon her ear, and it never sounded so sweet. That night the spared trifler vowed a vow with her prayers.—Youthful reader, what think you was her vow?

If you had found by bitter experience that you had not sufficient strength of character to resist dangerous influences, would you think it wise or right to expose yourself to them voluntarily?

It is one thing to cry out against the theatre and the ball-room. It is another to ask you soberly to examine yourself as to the effect of the recreations, no matter what they may be, in which you indulge—the effect on your soul, your religious habits, the individual spiritual life. If the sound of the silver bell, leading you from calm meditation to true prayers might not be heard each night in your chamber, what would doom it to silence?

That, whatever it be, is wrong for you.

Written for the Lily.

THE CHILD'S DREAM OF LIFE.

A group of happy children sported in the shade of a noble oak, glad that the restraint of the school room was over; but the heat of noon-day penetrated the thick foliage and one not able to bear it from his extreme youth and delicate constitution, soon wearied of the game and rested his sunny ringlets on a mossy bank at a little distance to watch the sport of the others.

For a time all was distinct in his sight, but soon passed into a confused mass. The voices of his companions seemed the murmur of far-off sounds. One of them for a moment stood beside him and said, "poor little Charlie is going to sleep." This was the last sound that reached him from the outward world. Already his spirit was listening to those voices which sing so sweetly on the borders of the land of slumber; and as the gentle god fanned his brow, leading him along the quiet valley, and amid the bright flowers of his domain, visions of beauty, and sounds of joy and gladness were all around him. He sported on, pleased with the songs of the birds, the flowing water, and the rich verdure that met him at every turn.—Ever and anon a smile flitted over his sunny face, giving faint glimpses of the visions of beauty in which the infant mind revealed when no longer in communion with external things.

His conductor led him to where two fountains sparkled in a cloudless sun. Around each sport-

ed children in the gay abandonment of that happy season. They shouted in glee at the bright showers; chubby hands scooped up the sparkling water and with merry laughter threw it over a companion. The group at each fount were equally merry but there was a difference in their joy that drew the attention of Charlie, child as he was, and with enquiring look he turned to his companion, who said, "My child wouldst thou know whither flow these waters, and the fate of those who drink of them? Come and I will tell thee. Look upon the boisterous mirth of those who follow the course of the waters of this fount." He then led him down the stream. At every step he saw those who were passing from youth to manhood—from manhood to old age. At first their eyes sparkled—their voices were joyous—the merry laugh rang upon the air—music and the sound of mirth was all around. Ever and anon one sang out, "this is the way to live—this the glorious freedom of nations!" "Observe," said the kind mentor, "these votaries keep their faces ever towards the fount, and tread their path backwards; never looking farther down the stream than their steps have reached. But I will show you whither it leads."

Gradually the bright faces and merry sounds passed away, and in their places appeared distorted features, decrepit limbs, blood-shot eyes from which the fire of genius had fled, and voices whose sound was discord. "Thou hast now seen the fount of INTemperance," said the guide. "Thus flow its waters—these are its fruits.—Mark it well—remember the lesson it teaches.—I will now show thee another scene; follow me."

He soon found himself beside the other fountain. Here the sport of the children was of a more gentle nature, the water flowed with a soothing murmur, flowers bloomed upon its banks filling the air with fragrance, noble trees threw wide their spreading branches, forming a cooling shade, while the birds among them made the air vocal with their songs.

These children too passed on to manhood.—Their joyous youth had passed, but their eyes were still bright, though more deep and earnest. Eloquent with thought the power of intellect was stamped upon their brow—grace and activity were in every limb. With true dignity they trod their beautiful valley—with deep and melodious voice thanked their great Creator for his many and bountiful gifts; or in more advanced age gazed afar off to where the waters of the river mingled with the ocean of eternity, o'er whose waves they seemed to see the ransomed spirits floating, bathed in the light of Divine presence. With faces ever towards that distant shore, cheering with kind and gentle words those on whom the sun of life shone with noon-day heat, they journey on.

"This," said his conductor, "is the fountain of TEMPERANCE. Its waters are ever clear and sparkling, giving life and health to all who drink of them. Its banks are ever cool with the shade of contentment; reason is the ruler—love, hope, and joy attend those whom it governs. These fountains flow by the life of every human being; of one or the other he must drink, and his own free will is to make the choice. Thou hast seen to what they lead; the one to sorrow, misery and utter ruin—to vain regrets for the past, without hope or trust in the future. The other to health, peace and happiness, with a consciousness of a life well spent, and an assurance of reward in the world to come. Thy career is just begun. Make thy choice, and remember that it is much harder to leave the wrong path after entering upon it, than to shun it at the outset."

The voice was changed to that of one of his playmates who sought to arouse him from his slumber. Charlie opened his eyes with a bewildered gaze, but the shout, the merry laugh and the well known forms around him recalled his scattered thoughts and he arose to accompany them home.

Years passed on—the child became a young man in years it is true—but all his friends could wish him. At college he had won the highest honors of his class and the respect and confidence of his tutors. Often in his troubled moments—such as will come to the most blessed—a kind and familiar voice seemed to warn and direct him right: he had formed the habit of following its dictates without enquiring whence it came.

He returned to his home and entered upon the profession of the law. One evening soon after he found himself in a gay company, where intelligence and genius, sparkling wit and sage remarks abounded. The wine cup freely circulated—song and jest were high. Charles was the centre of attraction—the admired of all observers. His form and face were faultless, his manners graceful and winning, and rumors of his rare acquisitions had reached home before him. He was pressed to drink, and the tempting goblet placed before him; but ever as he would raise it to his lips, "touch not, taste not, handle not" in well-known tones was whispered in his ear. The dream of his childhood, for long years forgotten, was now remembered, and the voice of his kind mentor recognized. He that night resolved that his steps should be along the shore of that river whose waters flow unto Eternal Life. S. P. C.

Kennett Square, Pa., March 1850.

From the Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

"Woman has her sphere; and in her desire to act the man, she ceases to be woman."

[Dana's lecture on Woman.]

How I do wish some of these gentlemen lecturers would "define their position," and since they so positively assert that "woman has her sphere," would tell exactly *what and where it is*.

My grandmother was a small, delicate woman, as white, (I was going to say as white as a lily, but she was not, nor is any other woman) as any lady need be. Her eyes were blue and deeply expressive, her hair soft, smooth and brown, and as pretty a foot and hand as would be found in the upper crust of aristocracy itself.

Her name was Mary, (a sweet name too) Mary Bancroft of Massachusetts.

My Mother was a Dana—just as like as not one of the eloquent lecturer's own born relations.

She too was a gentle, delicate woman. In the autumn of 1789, these two delicate women, mother and daughter with their "bigger halves," left the land of "steady habits," to find them a home in the wilderness of Ohio. The journey in those days over the Alleghanies was accomplished only with extreme toil and difficulty, often extreme peril.

Now my dear Mrs. Swisshelm, imagine that little delicate blue eyed woman already in middle age, the mother of seven or eight children, on horseback carrying a two year old baby, while her oldest daughter, a slender young wife, trudges by her side on foot, stick in hand, urging along the old cow; toiling slowly but wearily by the precipitous and dangerous paths to the heights of the Alleghanies. (It was all the men were able to do to help along the ox-team.)

Were they in there "sphere?" "by the fire side," "softening themselves for man's bolder look?"

Were they taking upon themselves "duties assigned them?" Or were they only trying to be "manish?"

Again see them through the seven years of Indian War, shut up with hundreds of others in the garrison, suffering all manner of privation, exposed to all manner of hardships.

Turning the beautiful hand-mill to grind them bread, loading the rifle and firing it with steady aim. Standing sentry at the post of danger through the long night watch.

Was this her "sphere?" Men must have been more true and holy than now, or woman among the soldiers exposed to all their rudeness.

lost all her "softness and refinement." We do not hear that it was so.

War was over my father built him a wilderness. Now imagine my good (Heaven bless her memory,) with her little children, preparing for night. Not a neighbor in call—and my father away at work at his trade in the neighboring village. She is loading the rifle which she sets in the corner, then shuts and bars the door, or pulls in the string and retires with her little ones to her humble couch to sleep—aye sleep—if the howling wolf and screaming panther will let her. Was this her "sphere of soft refinement and delicacy?" I venture to say that her "manism" endured what the lecturer's "manliness" would shrink from with quivering nerves and trembling hands.

Again; Mr. Dana says—

"Let women become political reformers, and what would be the result; man (mark) would be outvoted at the ballot box, out talked by her at the bar—and in the market place."

There is a pauper in our town who has been for years sustained by the public because he has not wit enough to take care of himself. He is always the first man at the polls, and always votes for the party that treats him best. His voice can turn the scale of nations. His vote wield a power over the destiny of sons and daughters that the whole life of an educated, intelligent and intellectual loving mother could not remove—and yet men who are called good and just—say this is right. They would be outvoted if a mother's or a sister's voice should be heard through the ballot box entreating the welfare of their loved ones. "Sex would be perverted from its moral excellence," "love would sink into appetite," "women grow gross" and (Salts for the gentleman, he'll faint)—"out-voted and out-talked at the bar."

If they could be "out-talked at the bar it would be a great blessing truly to the country, for they seem to have lost all faculty of out-talking" each other. A man who was in the habit of getting beastly drunk, and abusing and maltreating his wife most shamefully, was killed in our county last summer in one of his drunken frolics, by his wife. She was confined nine months in our county jail, before she was brought to trial; now, Mrs. Swisshelm, it took three Judges, twelve jurors, a dozen or more attorneys, scores of witnesses and hundreds of spectators, all men, (except two or three witnesses,) seven mortal days to decide whether this poor, wretched victim of passion and intemperance should be hung by the neck till she was dead; or only sent to the penitentiary for life. I thought then, I think still—that they might have been "out-talked" much to the benefit of the county, more to the public at large, and most to the poor weary criminal. If woman must be made amenable to laws, let them help to make them. If they must be dragged within the bar as culprits or witnesses—why may they not appear there also as counsellors in the cause of justice and humanity, and the men be "out-talked."

But to be "out-talked in the market place!"—Seriously—Does the gentleman really believe that there would be any more women in the market place than now—that they would be any more bold and impertinent—any more noisy and vociferous, if they were allowed to feel, think and act for themselves in those matters which men boast of as constituting the true dignity and nobleness of their own character?

Would or could election days mix and mingle the sexes more thoroughly than the market days, once, twice or thrice a week in every large city and town in the United States? Will the lady who ascends the lecturer's stand, forced there by a sense of duty—an earnest desire to do good—or even a hope of gain—be more likely to lose her gentleness and refinement, and grow worse and bold, than she who stands behind the counter to measure tape for every whiskered dandy that chooses to stare in her face? For every woman who would wish to take a prominent place, "or come out into the sun," before the public, there are now ten who sit or stand at the corners in

the most frequented thoroughfares of the towns and cities, jostled by the crowd, selling apples or chestnuts, gathering thus their scanty penny to sustain life—their very poverty subjecting them to coarseness and insult—and yet hear the lecturer! "The impossibility of woman becoming a public creature and yet keeping the softness that nature has armed her with." Why does he not lend his influence to help the women that are from necessity made "public creatures"—and forced by men who are so fearful for the "softness" of the sex to become bold—rude—they are not the ones that the frightened lecturers are afraid to see "standing in the sun"—not they.

Women may toil and strive; perform the most unwomanly labor—mix with men anywhere, through the market, the street, the lecture room, the church, the theatre—the steamboat, the railroad-car, the stage, and she is in our "Sphere," so say our masters. But let her not dare to come in competition with man in those things that make him her master.

Woman's "sphere," in my view, is any where that duty calls her, let that be where it may.—She should be the judge, and abide the consequence. Mrs. Gage AUNT FANNY.

FANNY KEMBLE ON HORSEBACK.

A correspondent of the Louisville Journal writing from Boston, thus describes the equestrian habits of this distinguished reader of Shakespeare: "Mrs. Kemble rides magnificently, and every day between the hours of 12 and 1 a little crowd of admirers assemble in front of the Revere House, to see her mount, which she does alone, and unassisted, for she scorns all aid whatever, or companionship, in her *menage*, from either man or woman. A few days ago she came near finding her match. A new horse was brought her. His arching neck and proud fiery eyes, as he stood champing his bit, impatient under the hand of the groom, attracted general praise. By the time that Mrs. Kemble, holding her riding habit, came running down the steps alone, the animal had become quite restive; she seized the reins and sought to spring into the saddle, but it was no go; the horse sheered. The groom and others endeavored to assist her; she waved them off, and again assayed to mount—again—and again—but it was quite useless; the proud beast spurned a rider. The lady bit her lip, and passed the bridle to the groom. "Take him back to the stable, and keep him saddled till I come. I will be there in ten minutes." Saying this she returned to her room, and in a few moments afterwards might be seen, whip in hand, and spurred like a belted knight, striding towards the establishment of Messrs. Fuller & Co., near at hand. Here she succeeded, at length, in mounting her *Bucephalus*, *Alexander-like*, and when fairly seated whipped him unsparingly. The enraged animal reared and plunged, but it was of no avail; he could not dislodge or frighten his gallant rider. Two or three times, he reared so high that the palled grooms feared he would fall backward, but finally he succumbed and trotted quietly away with his burden.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

Mrs. Pierson says:—Do not, as you value life and its comfort, marry a man who is naturally cruel. If he will wantonly torture a poor dumb dog, a cat, or even a snake, fly from him as you would from cholera. We would sooner see our daughter dying of cholera, than married to a cruel hearted man. If his nature delights in torture, he will not spare his wife and helpless children. When we see a man practising cruelty on any poor helpless creature, or beating a fractious horse unmercifully, we write over against his name—devil, and shun him accordingly.

We once knew a man, ay, a gentleman who during a ride for pleasure, became so demoniacally enraged at his horse, which refused to go, that he sprang from his carriage, drew his knife, and cut out an eye of the poor brute. The lady who ac-

companied him fainted, suffered a long nervous illness, and will never recover from the horror the outrage gave her. And we knew the young lady, who, knowing this of him was fool-hardy enough to become his wife. And we know how he tortured her. How he outraged all her feelings; how he delighted to destroy whatever she prized, or took pleasure in. How in his fits of passion he broke up her furniture, seized her by the shoulder and shook her till she could not crawl to bed; how he beat her; how he kept her babe black and blue with blows and pinches until her parents took her home, and sheltered her from his cruelty.

If you have a suitor whom you feel inclined to favor, look narrowly into the temper and disposition of the man. Love may soften it for a while, or it may induce him to restrain or disguise it, but be assured the natural temper will remain, and the time will come when your presence will be no restraint upon him. We have heard wives complain, "I was so deceived in my husband; men are so deceitful," &c. But we believe in nine cases out of ten, these women deceived themselves. They suffered the romance of their foolish heart, to adorn their lover with all the excellencies which their fancy attributed to a perfect manly character, and to draw a veil over all his vices and defects which, if it did not conceal them, greatly softened or disguised their features.

Men are not perfect—women are not perfect. In all cases there must exist a necessity to bear and forbear, but it does not therefore follow that you should marry a bad man, knowing him to be a bad man. If you do so, you deserve chastisement; but a life-long misery is a terrible punishment. A bad man's wife must either live in a continual torment of fear, apprehension, and the bitter disappointment of her fruitless efforts to please; or she must become callous, cold, insensible to pain, and consequently to pleasure. Will you take upon yourselves either of these terrible alternatives? We hope not.

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.—A basso relievo on one of the sarcophagi at Pompeii represents a very happy allegory of the flight of the immortal soul from the frail bark of mortality. A ship has returned from her voyage—she has reached her port—the helmsman has relinquished the helm—the attendant genii, whom we may suppose to represent the ordinary faculties of human sense, feeling, perception, &c., are going aloft to furl the sails, and the picturesque conception happily concludes, as a bird soars, away, with expanded wings, from the mast-head—the beautiful emblem of the soul, steering direct to heaven.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—"Men talk in raptures," says Witherspoon, "of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness; but after seven years' union, not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal and every hour in the husband's purse."

FOREVER LOST.—We heard the other day of the death by delirium tremens, of a young man who was induced to drink wine on last New Year by a lady on whom he called. He was a pledged man, but the young lady ridiculed his scruples and persuaded him just to take one glass to please her. He yielded. That night he went home drunk, and since then, one debauch has succeeded another, till last week he died amid the tortures of the drunkard's madness. What a load of guilt rests on that young woman's soul.

FAMILY PRESERVES.—Patience forms a good family preserve; so does temper. Preserves, in general, are a woman's business; but husbands as well as wives, should be able to preserve temper and patience: indeed, perhaps the husbands more particular than the wives.

Pride emanates from a weak mind: a man of strong intellect is never haughty.

Written for the Lily.
EARLY MARRIAGES.

BY IRENE.

Why is it that there is such a dislike among young ladies in this land of ours to live single beyond the age of twenty years? What is there so frightful in the number twenty-five that makes a young girl take upon herself the marriage vows, seven or eight years sooner, as though to make sure an escape from the odium of old maidenhood.

"Oh!" say some, "her beauty begins to wane at twenty!" If at sixteen she is thrust into society and enters with her whole heart into the dissipation and amusements of the day, keeps late hours, and constantly undergoes fatigue and excitement in search of pleasure, of course at twenty the freshest bloom of her youth will have faded. How can a girl retain her health and beauty long, if water shoes, indolent habits and over excitement, win for her a delicate constitution? How can that delicacy gather strength in a four year's round of pleasure-seeking!—those very years in which the mental and physical powers are being developed and best capable of cultivation. Can the mind attain to perfection when early directed into such channels? Can beauty dwell long in the form or features when abused in its bloom? Go to the half-blown rose and rudely tear away its green case! Unfold its tender, imperfect petals to the sun and rain, and then if it withers sooner than its sister rose, that has been left to the fingers of nature, do not wonder! Its leaves may be pale and knotted, but ask not why it lacks the soft rich tint and velvet leaves of the one allowed to mature.

But if one *should* lose a portion of one's beauty before choosing to marry—what of it? Beauty may attract the fancy and win light-love, but can such a love last till old age creeps on? Alas! for the happiness of those who depend upon such a hold upon the affections! They lose the deep, pure passion of a sympathetic, sacrificing, enduring love. Bachelors expatiate upon the bliss of securing the impulsive affection of "sweet sixteen;" but sirs, please look among your circle of friends, and find one happy couple if you can, who in the hey-day of youth invested each other with the perfections of the hero and heroine of some favorite novel, and exchanged vows before the altar, while Cupid had them both blind-folded. Just step behind the scenes during the two, three, four, or five years that number of years, if not a life time, and behold the tauntings, the threats, the tears and the heart-sorrows of such a marriage.

Every one will acknowledge that there is much care and much responsibility involved in the station of wife. Is a young girl in her teens well fitted for the duties of that station? Is her judgment mature, and is she ready to advise in matters of importance? Imagine a man in the pride of his strength, and with an equally well developed intellect, struggling with some great difficulty, and undecided as to his course. See him in the extremity of his trouble, turning to his youthful wife for advice. She has never before been called upon to exercise her judgment in so urgent and decisive a matter, and with mortification and a fluttering heart, she blushes and looks down, unable to give counsel; or if not sensitive, she looks at him with a vacant stare and replies:

"I am sure my love, I do not know what to tell you!"

How much respect can a man have for a wife like that? Can he think her fit for anything else than to ornament his parlors, or to vent his abuse upon, when he dares not spend his anger upon anything or anybody else? No wonder that man with such helpmates, disdains the idea of "woman's rights." He may well think woman is far inferior to him! Need this be so? Certainly not. If a young lady's education be continued at a time when she best appreciates her advantages, instead of having her thoughts devoted to fashion, show, gaiety and gossip, she would be far better capable of imparting happiness and of securing the respect and lasting love of her

husband, who would readily yield the "rights" that are now withheld so sturdily by the stronger sex.

Think of a young man finishing his course of study at sixteen or eighteen, and then permitted to waste his mind and time upon trifles for two or four succeeding years. Would not he be a "promising youth!"

What mother can claim rights for her sex, when she allows her daughter half educated, or fresh from boarding school, to accept her first offer of marriage for fear of being "an old maid," or who will permit her child to rush blindly into a "love match?" Education does not consist entirely in housewifery, or delving into books; but there is an *education of the heart*, which can only be obtained under a mother's teachings. This, so all-important, is lost to the youthful wife. Well might the friends at her bridal, condole with her upon her misfortune, rather than offer congratulations. She knows not what years of pure happiness she has lost. Just arriving at an age when she would have been most companionable to her mother: when her influence as an elder sister could best be exerted, and thus relieve that mother of many cares. A daughter's and an elder sister's duty does not end when she has succeeded in managing the house affairs well, and keeping the children's faces clean, and their aprons mended. Something far beyond that. There is a silent but sure influence of a sister who is constantly before them an example of obedience, kindness and christian principle, who encourages generous actions, gives them high aims, and in her companionship guides the younger sisters by her experience and advice, oftentimes when a mother would meet difficulty.

A sister can often wield a brother's course, and instill a holy influence into his breast, that when he goes out into the world he will not look lightly upon woman and think "*she has no soul!*" but the remembrance of that sister will dwell with him, and for her sake his standard will be high.

Is not the happiness that results from such efforts, worth venturing somewhere near twenty-four or five? Are not the purest affections brought out? the tenderest communion between mother and daughter enjoyed? the sweetest influence upon brother and sister given? Is not selfishness driven back? The heart, the mind cultivated?

"That will do very well to write about," exclaims some mother, whose sad experience tells a different story, and is therefore anxious to see her daughter married well and quickly.

Does not early education make a great difference? Go to the school-room some "composition day," and listen to the effusions of some of the younger misses, how they teem with love-stories and trifling subjects, rather than anything that would exalt their ideas, or be the germ of the firm principles of after years. Go to the ball-room, where your child mingles in the dance, and is rapidly learning the lesson of vanity, heartlessness, and fashion. See now, the little beaux with their new standing collars, whirling with them in the dance, flattering already their prettiness.—How much does your child gain there? "An easy and graceful manner!" Is it possible it can be obtained in no other way? Must girlish reserve be lost in forwardness and vanity that is encouraged in the easy familiarity of the dance, and chit-chat with pert little boys? Is *home* so devoid of refinement, that a graceful carriage is not to be taught there? Certainly there are sufficient childish amusements beside the public dance, which have the advantage of health to the soul and body.

But see the effect of the former upon later years. You have placed before them the object of appearing brilliant, showy, and fashionable in society, all to obtain a "good match." You have directed them to no nobler end—then what else are they fitted for than mere parlor ornaments? They have been hurried into marriage with scarcely a thought as to its responsibility; without preparation to discharge its duties unwaveringly.—How can such a woman demand her "rights!"

Let woman be well fitted for the sphere to occupy; let her know well when she is wrong, and let reason tincture her affection, and she will command such respect from her companion as will secure the happiness of both. A "stronger half" would not look upon his wife as far inferior that he would "*forbid*" her to do, or that; but her dignity would be so maintained that commands would give place to requests, and advice. There would not be so many heart broken faces; there would be fewer of those "family scenes" that are now so countless; there would be less occasion for the murmur that will soon break forth into a loud cry for "woman's rights," if mother's would but beware of early marriages.

Auburn, March 11, 1850.

Written for the Lily.
WOMAN—CIVIL RIGHTS.

When we look back into the history of nations we find that females have been elevated, and their true position been approximated just in proportion to the progress of civilization. And not until perfect equal rights are accorded to woman, not until every object of ambition and every avenue to distinction are alike free to women as to men, can a nation be said to be truly enlightened. Although the assertion seems untemperate to a majority of men and women in our country, that the same desire for distinction should actuate women as men, and the same opportunities be accorded to them, such may nevertheless be far from the case. This is an age of progress. And surely woman should not be behind in breaking down the false barriers which prevent her from occupying the position designed her by her Creator, and which is written in indelible characters upon her constitution. Although we have outgrown many of the false distinctions which formerly existed between the sexes, and although many things once considered untemperate, are now looked upon in altogether a different light, still there is by no means that free, unrestrained, and at the same time chaste intercourse between the sexes which there should be, for the benefit of both—there is not a sufficient approximation. Not that the natural distinctive characteristics should be broken down, but that the real or affected weakness of woman should give way to strength and independence; and the uncouthness and roughness of men should be softened down. These *too broad* distinctions would be corrected by a more free, especially public, intercourse. We believe that the natural distinctions between the sexes are sufficient. Then why interpose artificial ones? Why then should women be precluded from any exercise of talent they may think most calculated to do good. Their natural peculiarities would be very apparent in their choice of professions or other occupations. It is said that the exercise of the elective franchise would occupy too large a portion of their time, and consequently their domestic duties would be neglected. Would more of their time be requisite that is necessarily employed by men for the performance of the same species of duties? Or because women have as a sex always been engaged in indefatigable labor, is it contended that they always must continue to be. There are occasionally men who neglect their families and business, for political interests, but no one would think that they should, therefore, be deprived of the right to make laws for their government. Were women in possession of the right of suffrage, there *might* be occasionally one who would neglect her domestic and other duties in the excitement of elections, but I apprehend that all will admit women to be too devoted to their family duties to neglect them. Indeed those women are most competent to discharge faithfully and affectionately their peculiar duties, whose minds are most largely expanded, and who feel a responsibility beyond the routine of daily household occupations.

LYDIA A. JENKINS.

Waterloo, Feb. 1850.

THE LILY.

ANSELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

APRIL, 1850.

LEGISLATIVE REPORT.

We are indebted to the Hon. H. B. STANTON for the report of the select committee of the Assembly on the excise question. It forms an exceedingly interesting document of 96 pages.—We wish that it could be read by every voter in the State, and we know of no way in which the people's money could be better or more wisely expended than in printing and circulating this valuable report among the people; for should the effort to procure the passage of prohibitory laws now fail, the startling facts, and sound arguments here presented will endure a lasting and ineffaceable record of the horrible effects of the present license system. Dreadful indeed, is the picture of these effects, as here presented.

It is shown that during the year 1849, full forty thousand persons were committed to the jails and penitentiaries of the State, charged with intemperance. That full three fourths of the crimes committed in the State were so committed by intemperate persons. That the number of paupers made such by this same terrible evil, is not less than 69,260, and that full two millions of dollars was expended in the same year in relieving such pauperism. That the taxation arising from crime is enormous, and that full three fourths of this taxation flows from the sale of intoxicating drinks. That at least 25,000,000 dollars was expended in the cities of the State alone for strong drinks—and finally, that taxation, pauperism, and crime caused by intemperance, is vastly on the increase—that our poor-houses, our jails, our houses of refuge, our penitentiaries, and our State prisons, are already filled to overflowing—and that unless something is speedily done to arrest this deluge of vice, the prospect before us in the future, is indeed dark and fearful.

How, with such facts as these before them, our Legislators can refuse to act, we cannot understand. A large majority of the wise and virtuous people of the State, have for three successive sessions, in vain demanded protection at their hands; and it is a remarkable fact that during this time, "not a single note of remonstrance has been heard." In the language of the report, "the people have suffered long, but they feel that they have suffered under the accumulated evils of intemperance, till endurance seems no longer a virtue. And if there is no other way for them to obtain that protection which it is their right to expect, and their duty to demand from their constituted guardians, the Legislature, they will be compelled—acting in the true spirit of the resolutions which so many have so seriously adopted—to break away from all the political ties that now bind them, and so far as the legislative department of the government is concerned, to combine together for this just and noble purpose, till it is secured. Such sentiments are rapidly ripening among the voters of this State. Unable to be confined any longer within the breasts of individuals, they have been sent forth to the world, and they will continue to receive, as they have already received, a cordial response from many thousands."

We sincerely hope that the intelligent voters of our State will so act—that they will through the ballot box, if they cannot otherwise be heard, declare their principles and their aims, and compel their rulers to yield obedience to their requests.

TEMPERANCE AND POLITICS.

We see by the COURIER of the 15th of March that it is the opinion of our "other half" that temperance had more to do with the results of the town elections in this section than did party politics. We are indeed glad that such was the case, and that even politicians are willing—or if not willing, are forced to admit its truth. We wonder that temperance men have so long thrown away and abused the power which they possess of controlling all elections, and at once settling the question regarding the traffic in intoxicating drinks. We think it matters but little so far as the good of our country is concerned, whether our

town officers are whigs, locofocos, or free soilers.—Matters progress about the same under the rule of each, and immorality and drunkenness are tolerated, and even sanctioned by all parties. We consider it the duty of all temperance men to waive mere party questions, when one of so much more importance demands their attention, and to sacrifice personal preferences for the good of the tens of thousands souls that are perishing through the legalized traffic in human blood.

Yet there is no need of the sacrifice of any one's politics. Let temperance men take the stand that they will on no account vote for any but men of good temperance principles, and they will soon bring politicians to their senses; they will soon find it to be their best policy to nominate none but such as they can hope to elect by the suffrages of a sober and an enlightened people.—Temperance men are more censurable for their inconsistency on this subject than is the liquor party. The latter class act in accordance with their known vicious principles, while the former profess to be governed by better principles yet fail to carry them out in practice. The temperance army, when their whole force is called out, is, we believe, the strongest in point of numbers, and it certainly is as regards capacity of judging and acting with clear heads and sound minds. Then why do they hesitate to act as their judgement tells them is right? Why do they cringe to an inferior force? Why yield up their cherished principles and join hands with a drunken, dissolute class, and aid in strengthening their power? All this seems to us strange and inexplicable, and we strive in vain to solve it.

The signs of the times indicate a good deal of feeling on the part of temperance men on this subject, and we learn from our exchanges that it has been made a test question in many places with the most happy results. We can only hope that some action may be taken by our present legislature, which will encourage and stimulate men to the discharge of their whole duty, and that they may determine upon the speedy and final overthrow of this worst species of slavery that ever cursed the earth.

The official returns of Vermont, so far as heard from, show a majority in favor of no license.

HAVE WOMEN NO WORK TO DO?

We often hear the remark from some of our own sex, when conversing with them upon the evils of intemperance, and the necessity of action on woman's part, "it is nothing that concerns us—it is men's business to tend to these matters, but women have no right to meddle with them." And is it really so? Have women nothing to do when their husbands and sons, fathers and brothers—yea, and mothers and sisters too, are year after year falling victims to the cruel and relentless destroyer? When they see those nearest and dearest to them cut down and destroyed without mercy—when the foe enters their dwellings and makes desolate their once happy firesides, must they fold their hands and sit at ease, waiting for men who have let loose this desolating scourge to curse the earth, to arise and crush it? No, no, it must not be. Woman has a duty to perform in this matter, and we believe she will be answerable to her Maker for the manner in which she discharges this duty. Men have too long dallied with the subject—they have too long played the fool while thirty thousand of their fellow beings are annually swept into the drunkard's grave.—They have too long made professions of deadly hostility against the foe, while their every act has been to fasten its deadly fangs more firmly upon community, for us to place much dependance on their ever subduing it without woman's aid and influence. We want something more than talk to convince us that men are sincere in their professions, and we want some better argument than men's efficiency to satisfy us that it is not woman's right and duty to bring her influence to bear on this subject, and to nerve herself for a ceaseless conflict with the invader of her peace, and the destroyer of her happiness.

But it is not in behalf of her husband and sons alone, that woman's energies should be exerted. It is not man alone who is in danger, or who falls beneath the stroke of the destroyer. Women too, are its victims! Women—that portion of creation whom men pretend to guard with so much care, and shield from every rude blast—whom they dare not let speak or act for themselves, lest it should destroy their "soft and gentle natures." Yea women, by thousands are corrupted, torn from their families, robbed of their virtue, derided, insulted, and driven forth inebriate outcasts to a life of prostitution, infamy, and crime, by this same scourge with which men have cursed the earth.

The legislative report shows that about 6,000 intemperate women have been confined in the jails of our State during the past year! This of course is but a small number of those who are addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks. And is not this enough to arouse the sympathies of women? Have they no part to take in staying this torrent of vice? Must they hesitate to enquire whether it is within their "sphere"? Nay, shall they not rather cast aside their blindness and folly, and by their future good works atone for their past indolence and carelessness? Up sisters to your duty! Fear not the jeers and frowns of men! Much, very much, rests upon you in this battle for human rights, and according as you faithfully discharge your duties, will be your reward, not only in this life, but also, we trust, in the life to come.

Some of our gentlemen readers are a little troubled lest we should injure ourself and our paper by saying too much in behalf of the rights and interests of our own sex, and it has even been intimated to us that we are controlled in the matter by some person or persons. Now while we feel very thankful for the disinterested kindness of friends, we wish them to give themselves no uneasiness on our account, as we feel perfectly competent to manage our own affairs, and wish not to hold them responsible for our doings. We would here say distinctly that no one besides ourself has any control over the columns of the Lily and we know not that we are controlled in our actions by any one. We may sometimes publish articles with the sentiments of which we do not fully agree, but we have the right, and shall fearlessly use it should occasion require, of expressing our disapprobation of any such sentiments.—Our readers must bear in mind that the Lily is a woman's paper, and one of its objects as stated in our prospectus is, *to open a medium through which woman's thoughts and aspirations might be developed.* Gentlemen have no reason to complain if women avail themselves of this medium, and here dare utter aloud their thoughts, and protest against the wrongs and grievances which have been so long heaped upon their sex.

When we look around us and see the extreme misery and degradation of many of our sex who were cradled in luxury and reared with care and tenderness—when we behold so many dragging out a wretched existence—mere slaves to men, who in everything save physical strength are far inferior to them—when we see them toiling to earn a bare subsistence and then through fear and brutal force compelled to yield up the pittance they have earned, to idle and dissolute husbands—when we look upon the drunkard's wife and his scantily clothed and half starved children and witness their sufferings, we are more astonished that women have not long ere this arisen *en masse* and demanded their rights, and forcibly obtained them if they could not do so peaceably, than we are that a few should now, when opportunity offers, plead in behalf of their sorrowing sisters, and raise their united voices against the indignities to which they are subjected.

Women are awakening to a sense of their inferior position, and beginning to question the right of man to dictate laws for their observance—laws which they have no voice in making and at which their feelings revolt. They see that the evils which afflict society and which bear so heavily upon them are all the effects of these laws, and the question arises, "who gave man the right to make laws and sanction means calculated to oppress, degrade and render wretched woman's whole life?" They look in vain for an answer. If he has such authority it is only human. Divine law does not sanction it. God never designed man to be a tyrant, or woman to be a slave and bow to his dictates. We rejoice that the barriers to woman's equality are being thrown down, or overleaped; we are glad that she now has the press at her command, and may, if she will, stir up the mighty mass of people to give heed to her behests. We only wish there were more of them willing to devote their talents to the

good of their sex, and the moral elevation of their race; and we can only hope that the spirit which has enkindled in the breasts of the few, may pervade the many, and that they may fully consider the part which it is their duty to take in arresting the terrible evils which have spread to such fearful extent over our beloved country.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.

Another victim has been offered up a sacrifice upon the altar of intemperance! Another legalized murder has been perpetrated! Another added to the countless throng who yearly rush unprepared into the presence of their Maker! Another slain to glut a fiendish thirst for gain!

This dreadful tragedy was enacted in our sister village, Waterloo, a week or two since. A man by the name of Wilber, of Auburn, was challenged by John Glover of Waterloo, to test their respective powers in drinking. They had already drank freely through the night, and fore part of the day, but this did not deter the heartless rumseller from giving them more. They drank three pints of Irish whiskey each, when Wilber fell to the floor, and soon after expired.—It seems no one interfered to prevent the dreadful occurrence, although it must have been foreseen that the affair would result in the death of one or both.

The deceased was a dealer in that liquid fire which has been the instrument of his death. He has presented the poisoned chalice to the lips of many others, and now has drank of it to the very dregs himself. Verily "the way of the transgressor is hard!"

We feel to sympathize with the mother and sisters of Wilber in their great sorrow, for we know they mourn as those who have no hope.—Equally lacerated must be the feelings of the mother, wife, and sisters of him who was a sharer in the act that led to this fatal tragedy. Our heart bleeds for them, but we can do nothing to assuage their grief, or dry their tears. We would however bid them hope with us, that the day will come speedily when the cause of so much misery will be banished from society. Then their son, husband, brother, may be restored to them, "clothed and in his right mind," and yet become a blessing to them, and a useful member of society. And we would ask them if they are doing all they may, to bring about that glorious result.

We are glad to learn that the people of Waterloo have for some weeks been more than usually engaged on the subject of temperance.—Meetings have been held in the several churches, and a good deal of feeling prevails. The dreadful death of Wilber in their midst, will no doubt add to their zeal, and we trust much good will result to their village from the occurrence.—Drunkenness has prevailed there in past years to an alarming extent, and with the sanction of law. Can they again legalize the traffic? We shall see.

LUCIUS F. KILBORN, of Kellogsville, is our authorized agent to procure subscriptions and collect money for the Lily.

Vermont has given a majority of 7,304 against licensing the traffic in intoxicating drinks.

We welcome "Irene" again. We are sure she must be a sister and a faithful loving sister, who has penned such thoughts as "early maid." It is seldom we see one so young giving thoughts to subjects of such importance. Irene is not, as some of our readers may suppose, an "old maid," but is yet in the prime time of youth and beauty. May she continue to exert her influence for the good of her sex, and in so doing she will find more real happiness than she would ever experience in the giddy whirl of pleasure, and the gay round of fashionable follies.

Many thanks to S. P. C. for her expressions of love and good will towards ourself and our paper; we hope to hear from her again.

We have several articles on hand which we have not room for this month, and which we have not yet found time to read. We wish our correspondents would not try to make their chirography so delicate as to be illegible. Our printers need leather spectacles to enable them to decipher some of the matter sent us, and as they are not supplied with that article, we have sometimes to make up for the want of them, by copying articles entire. This, when they are long, is something of a tax upon our time and patience.

Mr. DAVIS, of Aurelius, is entitled to the thanks of the whole community for his unflinching devotion to temperance principles. After almost entirely suppressing the sale of strong drinks in his own town, he came to our village and entered a complaint against a rumseller on the west side of the lake—advancing the money necessary to carry on the suit, from his own pocket. Mr. Davis shows what can be done when men go to work in earnest. If one, single handed and alone, can accomplish so much, what glorious results would follow the united efforts of the friends of temperance if they would but go to work with the same determined spirit.

WOMAN, so far as our observation extends, seldom engages in the sale of intoxicating drinks.—It is a business so entirely abhorrent to all that is lovely and good in her nature that she shrinks from it with instinctive dread.

How many more lives must be sacrificed, how many more hearts lacerated and torn, how much longer must the feelings of friends outraged and trampled upon, before the people will become fully aroused to a sense of the great duty and responsibility resting upon them? Not a day, not an hour passes, but the awful effects of this dreadful traffic are seen. Not a breeze passes but the groans of the dying, the sighs of the sorrowing, the wails of the wretched, and the yells of the condemned, are borne upon it to our ears, crying out against the wrong, and calling for vengeance on the perpetrators of it. And yet men are so blind, so unfeeling, so hardened, that they can witness it with unconcern, and make and sustain laws to aid men in carrying on the work.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be.

THE LILY.

Bloomer certainly deserves the thanks of the community for her invaluable labors as editor of this spirited paper. She is evidently a keen observer of men and things—is quick to perceive, and prompt to apply the remedy for the evils which afflict society. She is always decided and on the right side. We had not seen the Lily in three or four months, and feared that it might have stopped. Why is it that it almost never comes with anything like regularity?

[Star of Temperance.]

We are highly flattered by the compliment paid us in the above remarks, and the copying into the Star so much of our editorial matter, but we deeply regret that the Lily is so seldom received. It is too bad, when we are so particular about our papers—putting on the wrappers, and directing and putting them in the mail bags ourselves, that after all many of our subscribers and exchanges should fail to receive them. The SATURDAY VISITOR which we prize so highly, and would not neglect for the world, comes marked, "we do not see you." The PROTECTOR, another valuable exchange, makes the same complaint; and now father Chipman says he had not seen us for so long a time he feared we were not in existence. We know that the Lily has been regularly mailed to them all, but where it finds a stopping place, or why they do not get it, we cannot explain. The fault must sometimes be in the Post Office for a part of our subscribers get their papers and others not, when they go in the same package.

WANT OF ENERGY.—We are ashamed of the want of energy in professed temperance men.—There are some thirty rum-sellers in this town constantly engaged in the sale of intoxicating drink, in open defiance of law, and yet nothing has been done to put the law in force against them. It is a burning shame upon temperance men that this state of things is suffered to continue. We feel that it would not long be so if women could have the power of redressing their own wrongs. Give us the Wisconsin law, and our word for it some of the rum-sellers would find out that there was virtue in it.

JOHN B. GOUGH.—This able and eloquent advocate of temperance is still lecturing in the western part of this state. We had hoped to welcome him to our village ere this, but previous engagements have prevented his visiting us as soon as we had anticipated. He is engaged to speak here at least two evenings during the spring, but the time when, has not been definitely named. When it is announced, notice will be given as far as possible, so that all who choose may have an opportunity of hearing him. We can promise our citizens a treat as rich as it is rare, from his visit.

RUM'S VICTIMS.—A little girl aroused the citizens about Clinton park, in the city of Albany, a few days ago, by her cries over the drunken body of her mother who lay prostrate in the mud.—Oh! it is horrible, the very idea of a drunken woman! If man will sink himself to the level of the beast, surely woman should loathe the thought of such degradation. But the rum-seller knows no mercy. His business is a continued and relentless warfare upon all sexes, classes, and con-

MAN SUPERIOR—INTELLECTUALLY—
MORALLY AND PHYSICALLY.

(CONTINUED.)

3d. Let us now consider man's claim to physical superiority. Methinks I hear some say surely you will not contend for equality here. Yes, we must not give an inch, lest you claim an ell. We cannot accord to man even this much, and he has no right to claim it, until the fact be fully demonstrated, until the physical education of the boy and the girl shall have been the same for many years. If you claim the advantage of size merely, why it may be, that under any cause of training, in ever so perfect a development of the physique in woman, man might still be the larger of the two, tho' we do not grant even this. But the perfection of the physique, is great power, combined with endurance. Now your strongest men, are not always the tallest, nor the broadest, nor the most corpulent, but very often the small man who is well built, tightly put together, and possessed of an indomitable will. Bodily strength depends much on the power of will. The sight of a small boy, thoroughly thrashing a big one, is not rare. Now would you say the big fat boy whipped, was superior to the small active boy who conquered him? You do not say the horse is physically superior to the man, for although he has more muscular power, yet the power of mind in man renders him his superior, and he guides him wherever he will.

The power of mind seems to be in no way connected with the size and strength of body. Many men of Herculean powers of mind have been small and weak in body. The late Dr. Channing, of Boston, was very small and feeble in appearance and voice, yet he has moved the world by the eloquence of his pen. John Quincy Adams was a small man, of but little muscular power, yet we know he had more courage than all the Northern dough faces of six feet high and well proportioned, that ever represented us at Capitol. We know that mental power depends much more on the temperament, than in the size of the heart, or the size of the body. I have never heard that Daniel Lambert was distinguished for any great mental endowment. We cannot say what the woman might be physically, if the girl were allowed all the freedom of the boy, in romping, swimming, climbing, and playing hoop and ball.—Among some of the Tarter tribes of the present day, the women manage a horse, hurl a javelin, hunt wild animals, and fight an enemy as well as the man. The Indian women endure fatigues, and carry burthens, that some of our fair faced, soft handed, mustached young gentlemen would consider it quite impossible for them to sustain.—The Croatian and Wallachian women perform all the agricultural operations, and we all know what strength such labors require, in addition to their own domestic concerns, and it is no uncommon sight in our cities to see the German emigrant, with his hands in his pockets, walking complacently by the side of his wife, whilst she is bending beneath the weight of some huge package or piece of furniture. Physically as well as intellectually, it is she that produces growth and development. But there is a class of objectors who say, they do not claim superiority, they merely assert a difference, but you will find by following them up closely, they make this difference to be vastly in favor of man. The Phrenologist tells us that woman's head has just as many organs as man's, and that they are similarly located. He says too, that the organs that are the most exercised, are the most prominent.—They do not divide heads according to sex, but they call all the fine heads masculine, and all the ill-shaped feminine. When a woman presents a remarkably large well developed intellectual region, they say she has a masculine head, as if there could be nothing remarkable of the feminine gender, and when a man has a small head, very little reasoning power, and the affections inordinately developed, they say he has a woman's head, thus giving all glory to muscularity.

"Some say our heads are small,

Some men's are weak,—not they the least of men;
For brawnness often compensates for size;
Beside the brain is like the hand,
And grows with using." S. F.

For the Lily.

A Startling Fact.

Gov. Briggs, at a recent temperance meeting in Faneuil Hall, Boston, stated that the report of the committee appointed to inquire in regard to the idiots in the Commonwealth, showed that there were from 1200 to 1300 of that unfortunate class, and also the astounding fact that 1100 to 1200 of them were born of drunken parents.

This is in truth an astounding fact, and one that ought to be impressed on the minds of all those who have partaken of the holy sacrament of marriage. Men in general are so ignorant of the laws of their existence, that but few would be startled by a revelation like this; for people have but little faith in what they do not understand.

Numberless physiological facts continually passing before us, as well as God's revelation, teach us, that the sins of the fathers are invariably visited on the children. This law was proclaimed on Mount Sinai, and has since been often repeated to the nations of the earth, in the every day providences, in the life of those who see with their eyes, hear with their ears, understand with their hearts.

Oh! woman! how ignorant, how degraded, how wicked must you be, to consent thus to add to the shame and misery of our race! It is sad to see a father, whom we have been taught to revere, staggering in the street, the sport of rude boys and cruel men: sadder still to see a husband whom we have loved, daily becoming a bloated, disgusting thing—slowly passing to a drunkard's grave; but the unspeakable misery of looking a laughing idiot in the face and calling him "my son," is known but to the mother's heart—the drunkard's wife. S. F.

For the Lily.

DIVORCE.

I see there is a bill before the Legislature providing some new doors, through which unhappy prisoners may escape from the bonds of an ill assorted marriage. Among other things, drunkenness is made a ground of divorce. I hope that bill may pass. Were public sentiment right on this question of divorce, I think too much of woman's instinctive love of what is true, good, and beautiful, to believe, that she would willingly come in daily contact, with a coarse, beastly, disgusting Drunkard, and consent to be the partner of his misery and rags through a long weary life. The Legislature, so far from placing any barrier in the way of a woman wishing to leave a drunken husband, ought to pass laws, compelling her to do so. As the state has to provide homes for idiots, it certainly has a right to say how many there shall be. The Spartans had some good laws, in relation to marriage and children. Would that we of the nineteenth century had the humility to believe that lessons of wisdom might be drawn from the past. If Legislators think they have the right to regulate marriage in any particulars, would it not be better to exercise their legislative talent, on those without the "charmed circle?" Let them say who shall and who shall not be legally married. Instead of compelling a woman by law, to live with a Drunkard, they ought to pass laws forbidding Drunkards to marry. If, as at present, all can freely and thoughtlessly enter into the married state, they should be allowed to come as freely and thoughtfully out again. S. F.

FEMALE DOCTORS.—Two young ladies, whose names are given as Miss Almira Fraim, and Miss Mary Ward, have become regular students in the Medical Department of the Memphis institute.

We have little pity for others, until we are in a situation to claim it ourselves.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

From the Friend of Youth.

THE WATERFALL.

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

Dashing down the rocks,
Headlong down the deep,
Where the granite blocks
Rise so high and steep:
Where the rushing of the torrent,
And the dashing of the stream,
And the swiftly-speeding current,
Leap and flash in noon-day's beam.

O'er the rocky bed
How the waters run!
It has ever sped
Since the world begun!
Hasting on, it foams and rushes,
Sweeping o'er the grassy side,
Where the flowers and shady bushes
Lean across the angry tide.

Roaring down the glen,
Plunging on its way,
Gliding still again,
Where it seems to stay—
Till the waters, coming nearer
To the tall o'erhanging brink,
Toss their sparkles like a feather,
And away they quickly sink.

Do not go too near!
Little feet may slide—
You may disappear
In the angry tide!
And the waters, in their splashing,
Sweep you far from help and aid,
And, amid their angry dashing,
Bear you to the gloomy shade.

So let children learn,
In their early years,
How from sin to turn,
When its form appears;
Lest its gloomy tide may sever
Youth and Virtue, lovely pair!
And may sweep your feet forever
From her paths surpassing fair!

CONTENTMENT: OR, ELLA'S WANTS.

"Oh, if I only had a great wax doll, with eyes that would open and shut, and beautiful curly hair, and all dressed in silk and lace, and with a pretty gipsy bonnet, I should be perfectly happy. I should not want anything else for a whole year."

"Nothing else for a whole year, Ella?" said her mamma; "that is a long time."

"Oh, yes indeed, mamma, I think I should not want anything else for a whole year. At least, mamma, nothing but the new furniture for my baby-house you had promised me on my birthday."

"Oh, is that all," said her mamma. "Now, I believe, if you will think, you will find that there is something else you want."

"Oh, mamma, I forgot the grace hoops; you know, they are so good for exercise."

"Yes, my dear. Is there nothing else?"

"Mamma, I declare! I had forgotten all about the pretty cabinet I saw at Mary Cleveland's. You know I wanted you to have me one made like it. It would be so nice to put my beautiful shells in. That would be useful, too, mamma."

"No doubt, my dear. Can you think of nothing else?"

"Oh, dear; yes, ma'am. There is a beautiful China tea set at Mr. P.'s, I should love dearly to have; and a little tea tray to match, and a nice round tea-table. What delightful parties I could give my doll, if I only had them! And then, mamma—"

"Stop, my dear," said the mother; "I think I have heard quite enough to convince you that you did not know your own heart when you thought you would be satisfied for a whole year

with a wax doll. When your Aunt Sarah presented you with the box of water colors you wished so much to have, were you satisfied for a whole year? If I do not mistake, you were teasing me the very next day for a set of colored crayons. Look back as far as you can remember, and tell me if you ever felt satisfied for a long time with any of these things that you fancy will bring you perfect happiness."

"But, mamma, it would be so different with such a beautiful large doll, almost as large as little sister. I could dress it, you know, and learn to make its clothes. It would be very useful to teach me to sew."

"But why can you not learn to make little sister's clothes, just as well as those of a wax doll? I am sure you love her much better."

"Oh yes, mamma, a thousand times more than I could love a doll. But, mamma, do you think it is wrong for me to have dolls?"

"No, my dear; I am not saying anything against your having a doll; but I wish to guard you against the mistaken notion that the possession of such things as you may happen to fancy will make you happy. The most unhappy children I have ever known, were among those who had every want, whether real or fancied, gratified by their kind but mistaken friends. They grew up selfish, restless, and discontented. There was still some thing to long and fret for; and, as they had been so little accustomed to restraint, they found the task of self-denial very difficult indeed."

"But, mamma, I do not think I should ever be so foolish. I am very sure I should not make myself miserable for what I could not get."

"Recollect, Ella, when you first spoke of the doll, you thought its possession would make you perfectly happy; but when I questioned you, you soon found there were half a dozen other things, which, if they do not seem just now so desirable as the doll, would immediately become so, when you had got possession of the first object of your desire."

I will relate a little incident I once heard, which will show you how little we know of ourselves, when we suppose that the attainment of any one object of our desire will satisfy us, unless we are blessed with a contented disposition. A washerwoman who was employed in the family of one of our former Governors, telling him of her hard struggles to maintain herself and her family, said with a sigh—

"Only think, your Excellency, how little money would make me happy!"

"How little, ma'am?" said the Governor.

"Oh, dear sir, one hundred dollars would make me perfectly happy."

"If that is all, you shall have it;" and he immediately gave it to her.

She looked at it with joy and thankfulness, but before the Governor was out of hearing, exclaimed, "I wish I had said two hundred."

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ALLEGORY.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person, and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawing doll."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird; "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me, I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: never insult the humble, as they may one day become your superiors."

Memory is the golden link between the past and the present. Time will not arrest the ever flowing stream of memory: it does but add to its inexhaustible flow, like the sweet music from some neglected lyre, which the sportive zephyr's breath has waked.

GOOD INVESTMENT.—Massachusetts has about three millions of dollars invested in school-houses.

THE PEACHES.

A Translation of a German Fable for Children.

A husbandman brought home from the orchard five peaches, the finest that were ever seen. His children saw the fruit for the first time. On that account they were amazed and rejoiced when they saw the beautiful apples, with rosy cheeks and soft down. The father divided them among his four children, and also gave one to their mother.

In the evening, when the children were retiring to their chamber, the father said—

"Well, how did those fine apples taste?"

"Delicious, lovely, father," said the eldest. "It is a fine fruit, somewhat acid, and yet of so mild a flavor; I have carefully preserved my stone, and intend to grow a tree from it."

"Well done," said the father; "that I call prudently providing for the future, as it becomes a husbandman."

"I ate mine immediately," said the youngest, "and threw away the stone. Mother gave me also half of hers. Oh, it tasted so sweet, and melted in my mouth!"

"Well," said the father, "you have not acted very prudently, but quite naturally, and in a childish manner. There is still room in life for you to become prudent."

Then began the second son:

"I picked up, and opened the stone which my little brother threw away. There was in it a kernel which tasted like a nut; but I sold my peach, and obtained as much money for it as will purchase twelve when I go to the city."

The father nodded his head, and said—

"That is very shrewd, but is not becoming a child; at least, it is not natural. Heaven preserve you from becoming a merchant! And you, Edmund?" said the father.

Frankly and sincerely answered Edmund—

"I gave my peach to the son of our neighbor, the sick George, who has a fever. He was not willing to take it, but I placed it upon his bed and came away."

"Now," said the father, "who has made the best use of his peach?"

The three cried that brother Edmund had; but Edmund was silent, and their mother kissed the tears from his eyes.

NIGHTS ON THE OCEAN.—Nights passed in the midst of waters, in a vessel beaten by the tempest, are not unprofitable to the soul, for noble thoughts spring up from grand spectacles.

THE LILY.

A Monthly Periodical, devoted to Temperance and Literature.

Published at Seneca Falls, N. Y., on the first day of each month.

TERMS.

One copy, one year,	0,50
6 " " "	2,00
12 " " "	4,00
18 " " "	5,00

All subscriptions MUST be paid IN ADVANCE. Communications, and letters, containing money, or otherwise, should be addressed (post paid) to

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Temperance House, AT SENECA FALLS.

THE undersigned has opened Woodworth's Hotel (formerly the Seneca House) as a Temperance House, for the accommodation of the public. The alterations and repairs which the premises have recently undergone conduce to render it an agreeable stopping-place for the wayfarer, and no efforts will be spared to give satisfaction to those who are reasonable in their desires.

A good hostler will always be in attendance.

ISAAC FULLER.

Jan. 1, 1850.